Captain Chelli's Unintended Meeting with the Lovely Angels, Space Battles, and Feisty Women

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by lefemmerouge2

Summary

Chelli and Apta continue their journey across the universe, traveling to Earth Mach II so they can check on Rouge Redstar. They unexpectedly come across two fierce women, Kei and Yuri. At first, they battle one another, whether in space, or on the ground. As time goes on, the women decide that fighting is not worth it, and they decide to be more friendly instead. The accidental murder that they are all party to, however, will have ramifications none of them could ever expect...

Notes

Happy Let's Hug Day! This day celebrates "the warmth and comfort of a hug." At two points in this fic, two of the protagonists hug one another.

I started this fic in mid-June as I was watching Dirty Pair and as of the writing of this fic, I watched the entire series for the first time recently and decided to put this together. It wasn't easy, but I'm glad I put it together. This fic is roughly set in 1971. Someone who is really, really, hated now (for justified reasons) was born that year. I won't reveal who, so you'll have to read to find out.

This fic will be cross-posted on Quotev, Wattpad (entitled "Captain Chelli, the Lovely Angels, Space Battles, and Feisty Women"), Squidge World, Adult-fanfiction (it is entitled "Chelli, Lovely Angels, Space, and Fiesty Women"), Asian Fanfiction (it is entitled "Chelli, Apta, the Lovely Angels, Space Battles, and Feisty Women"), and Webnovel. In some of this, the fic is listed as a chapter, rather than part of a series.

See the end of the work for more notes

- Inspired by Christmas With the Dirty Pair by keimanzero
- Inspired by Lidmašīnu katastrofas un citas problēmas ceļojot by Norias
- Inspired by The Earth is Not the Problem! by Jenner
- Inspired by Catching Up by Salt_the_Catgirl
- Inspired by Partners by A_Big_Old_Skeleton
- Inspired by Two Minutes Left by Rest_at_the_Bonfire

For the red-haired tomboyish Kei and the brown-haired, and more feminine, Yuri, it was just another day on the job as the wonderful Lovely Angels. They had been sent to solve a "problem" for someone on Earth Mach II, to help prevent a labor strike near in a confectionary now run by two androids from getting out of control. They had solved it easily enough. They helped broker an agreement between both sides. Everything seemed fine. As they left the planet, and entered into the atmosphere, controls on their ship began beeping. Something was coming out of hyperspace. Mughi growled, annoyed he hadn't been given the *right* food. Kei snapped at him. "Keep it down back there, you damn animal. We're trying to figure this out." Suddenly, the other ship appeared in front of them. It was a face off.

Yuri told their robot, Nanmo, to locate all information about the approaching vessel. Nanmo beeped in response, trying to gather what they could. Soon their ship was hailed. Kei decided to answer. "What do you want?" she said, while snarling, staring intently at them with her brown eyes. The top female officer of opposing ship introduced herself. "Hello. I'm Captain Aphra of the *Darla Angel*. This is my first mate-in-love, Entrapta. We came to this planet to inquire on the whereabouts of Rouge Redstar." She had come up with this excuse as a reason to leave Remnant, and to leave behind Blake, Yang, Ruby, Weiss, Nana, and Hachi. She did not want to stay in one place. She feared that the ruthless Empire, including her former boss, Darth Vader, might find her and Entrapta.

Kei slammed her hands on the controls. She didn't want to hear that damn name ever again. This mission had sucked in so many ways. She hated that android woman. "Oh, *you* want to know where she is? She's on that planet's surface, in some place called England, making a damn mess of things, running a fucking chocolate factory with her sister, or something. And she has these strange short orange people named Oompa Loompas or something. It's *fucking bonkers*." Yuri stepped in and smiled. She tried to calm things down the best she could. She had to. "At least we got some free chocolate. That's good."

Kei grumbled. "Yeah, that's only because *you* were sweet on that aging corporate executive, named Willy Wonka. Sounds like the fakest name *ever.* At least that Charlie Bucket was nice. He was the only decent one of the whole lot!" Yuri raised her face defiantly. *Hrmph!* She hated when Kei got like this. "Well, excuse me if I like more cultured and refined men. That Willy Wonka *was such* a gentleman." As they continued to snipe at each other back and forth, Entrapta jumped in. She wasn't sure if they were bickering among themselves, or if it concerned her or Chelli at all. "So, do you need us for anything or... what?"

The two women shrugged. Chelli then added, "We're just gonna pop down on the planet real quick and check on her." Kei didn't like the sound of that. She didn't want them to mess it up. They needed to make sure this job was done. If it wasn't, it would be very bad news. Usually they caused destruction of some kind after every mission, whether crumbling a police station, accidentally blowing up the wrong apartment when they went to the incorrect building, and so on. "Oh no you don't! We are gonna get our special vacation time from 3WA. You ain't gonna take it away by fucking this up for us!" Yuri tried to get her to simmer down. She said they needed to leave before things got heated. Without any explanation, she turned one of the ship's cannons toward the *Darla Angel,* pressed a button, and fired it. "That's a warning shot," she declared.

Chelli was not happy about this turn of events. She wanted to get back at them. Apta tried to do the same thing that Yuri had been attempting. She tried to calm her down. Back on the other ship, Kei could be heard saying, "Yuri!...let's blast them." Before they knew it, Chelli gunned the engines and sped toward the planet's surface. Apta couldn't stop her and didn't care to do anything at this point. Kei hollered through their ship-to-ship communicator. She shouted, "I'll get you for this, you scoundrels!", then turned off the device. Yuri held back an angry Kei. She wasn't sure that Chelli or Entrapta could be trusted. Even so, she didn't want a spaceship-to-spaceship battle.

"Kei, just let them go. We don't have to worry about them or anything...let's just go on our vacation...we completed the job." The redhead shook her head, as her blue-eyed companion gave her a dirty look. She sighed. She didn't really want to fight them. "Fine. I'll back off...it's just they really get on my nerves…" Yuri smiled. Everything seemed like it would be fine. That is until a missile shot out from the *Darla Angel* toward their ship. Expertly flying their spacecraft, she somehow avoided it. Following this, she decided to do the same thing as that wild space captain. She pushed the throttle forward. Kei hadn't expected this.

"Yuri, are you okay?" she asked, genuinely concerned. Her partner shouted back at her. "No, I'm not! They shot at us! And they messed up my hair, which I *just fixed*...they are gonna get it...now!" Kei went along with her partner. After all, she trusted her. It was the only woman she had fully trusted. She'd been with men before, but almost all of them had been utter jerks. She shouted along with her. "Yeah, let's get 'em! It's worth a shot." They discharged their laser cannons at the *Darla Angel*. Yuri and Kei were somehow on the same page now. That was their usual norm, despite their bickering.

Meanwhile, as the *Darla Angel* began to enter the atmosphere of Earth Mach II, Entrapta gave the captain a status report. "Those wild women are trying to shoot us down...what should we do?" Scratching her head, she debated their options. On the one hand, she didn't want to cause any more trouble than they were already in. On the other, she knew that their shields wouldn't hold forever. "Apta, discharge the ship's batteries at them...We have to *hope* they'll run out of ammo at some point." She did as she instructed. The *Lovely Angel* was impacted. However, since it was well-built, it could handle this barrage.

The plan that Apta and Chelli had come up with simple. They would travel to a place named "England," find Rouge there, and could check up on her. Despite the fact they had traveled there in another version of Earth, they had no idea where England was located. Thanks to their cloaking devices, nothing on Earth detected their descent, although some people saw their ships in the sky, thinking they were UFOs or something. The lasers had done their damage. It was clear that the *Darla Angel* had to land in order to repair the damage, for now. Kei and Yuri let out a "hazaa!" as they passed the ship, confident they had won. This declaration was premature. In a last ditch effort, Chelli pressed a button and launched a heat-seeking missile. While the Lovely Angels were certainly good at their jobs, they couldn't stop the missile. Not this time.

The resulting explosion destroyed one of their engines. Kei expertly guided the ship to the ground where it skidded across the agricultural fields of a sheltered, fertile, and warm valley, near a city of more than half a million. The city served as the capital of a country known as "South Africa." This city was named after an Afrikaner named Marthinus Wessel Pretorius.

This history wasn't known to Kei, Yuri, Chelli, or Apta. None of them cared about that junk. Chelli and Apta jumped out of their ship first. The locals ran away in terror. It would only be a matter of time before police showed up. They didn't have long. After all, ships coming out of the clouds near the country's capital was a major security threat, especially in an apartheid state. Approaching the *Lovely Angel* carefully, Chelli and Apta stepped back when Yuri and Kei appeared. "What the hell was that for?" Kei demanded.

Chelli shrugged. "Geeze, come on. You fired at us, remember? You are the ones who stared this." She marveled at their outfits. The redhead had on a silver-white uniform showing a lot of skin. The blue-haired woman next to her, wore a similar uniform, in a mix of golden yellow color. The uniforms both women wore showed off their midriff. Their unique style, complete with gloves, tall boots with heels, bracelets, and earrings stood out. How could it not? Chelli, in her typical fashion, proceeded to tease them. "A tanned red-haired tomboy and a beautiful blue-eyed woman with brown hair...you are quite the pair." Apta followed this up with, "you are clearly a *...dirty pair*." This was something you *never* said to them. It always angered them more than anything.

Kei and Yuri shouted back. "NO! We are the Lovely Angels!" Kei charged her weapon. She pointed it at Chelli and Apta. Chelli had her handy blaster at the ready. She growled. "I'm not gonna let you good for nothings ruin my damn vacation, something that me and *my* partner, worked hard for." Yuri prepared her energy whip, ready to knock any weapon that Chelli or Apta placed in their hands to the ground. What neither one expected was Apta's next move. She clapped her hands. A robot came out of nowhere. She smiled. "Emily!" she happily chirped. She grinned, almost deviously. "If you girls try anything, Emily will blow up your ship with her laser canon. I can guarantee you that." Kei and Yuri weren't sure if to take her threat seriously, or if she was bluffing. Chelli chuckled. She proceeded to happily tussle Apta's hair, as she often did.

Kei, Yuri, Apta, and Chelli were at a stand off. Emily was happily beeping. An enormous cat-like creature watched this all unfold, until Kei and Yuri called him out. "Mughi, go get *those fools*." He looked at them with concern. "I'll give you some special food later," Kei said, trying to entice and bribe him into action. "Mrow!" he said happily. He ran toward Apta and Chelli. She fired off her blaster. Emily discharged a blast of energy. It didn't hit the *Lovely Angel*, but it did struck a nearby mountain, causing rocks to tumble. Kei and Yuri were thrown back. Kei pulled out a giant railgun from who knows where and discharged it. Yuri shouted at her. "Should you be doing this so rashly?...what if…" she started to say. It never reached them. The shield around the *Darla Angel* deflected it, as did Emily.

The energy blast kept traveling. It soon reached a house in the city center, where a boy, who had been born the day before, was sitting in his crib. His parents were arguing about what to do with him. The father, a pilot, sailor, and engineer, was telling her to find a sitter to watch the kid. He said that *he* had the right to determine what was best for his child, *without* her input. The mother shouted back, demanding that he should be more involved in his son's life. A sitter was nice, but having personal time with your son is much more important. As they looked outside, they saw a blinding bright light. They covered their eyes but it did nothing. The house exploded into a thousand pieces as the railgun's blast hit a nearby gas tank. The house had been completely obliterated. Kei could see the smoke. She dropped her gun to the ground. Had she killed someone? What had she done? She hoped it wasn't too bad.

Yuri shrugged. "Don't worry, Kei. I know you didn't mean it." Chelli and Apta were still trying to fend off Mughi. They were given some relief when the cat-like creature left. Apta extended her hand, her *actual* hand, not the one she made with her hair. "Sorry for threatening to blow up your ship," she began. "It's just that our ship is a labor of love...you know what that is like, *right*?" Kei and Yuri looked at each other. Yuri spoke first. "Yeah, of course I know that. I'm *in love* with this dork." She finally had admitted it. Kei looked at her with utter surprise. Yuri felt that way about her? She turned to her. Her face was completely red. "You're *what*??" she said, not sure if Yuri had been joking or not.

"Kei, yes, I mean it, deep from within my heart. I couldn't bear the thought of you not knowing..." Chelli shook her head. Sometimes people needed to go through a traumatic situation to reveal their feelings for each other. At least it wasn't that way with Apta. She was glad for that. "Okay, *you lovebirds*, we need to get out of here before someone comes to arrest us or something." Kei didn't even have a chance to respond. She looked up and saw a battalion of soldiers approaching their position, accompanied by tanks. Kei, Yuri, Chelli, and Apta prepared themselves for battle. They had the advantage of a few robots on their side, such as Emily and Nanmo, and a cat-like creature, Mughi. Even so, attacking first would be foolish since the soldiers outnumbered them.

"Put your hands up and come peacefully to us, you fucking *foreigners,*" the commander yelled from the top of the hill, in his thick accent, as he opened up the hatch of a huge mechanized vehicle. It was painted in camouflage colors. Many of these vehicles, specifically Centurion Mk 3 tanks, had fallen into a reserve role because they were beset with a range of mechanical problems. And this commander was heading a reserve unit. He shouted through his megaphone down at them. "You are invading the sovereign territory of the Republic of South Africa."

Chelli realized his threat was real. She was grateful that they hadn't brought flying machines with them. As it turned out, the flying machines were too busy trying to murder independence fighters in Namibia. She had to do something. She moved over to Kei and Yuri, and whispered to them. They had to work together. The women realized she was right. They intensely gazed at Chelli, who was, admittedly, scared. She nodded. Only seconds later, thinking this would be the end, Kei turned to Yuri and kissed her on the cheek. "I love you too...if we are gonna die in a blazer of glory, I thought you needed to know." Yuri hadn't expected that. She hugged her back. They remained in an intimate embrace. Chelli rolled her eyes. It wasn't the time for this! Why did this *always* happen. Gah! Women who loved women could be *a bit much* sometimes. She knew that as one of those people herself.

"Okay, you two can kiss and make up later," Chelli started to say. She pleaded with them. "Can we *please* work together? I promise I won't do anything bad to either one of you." The women looked at her skeptically. Apta held Chelli tightly. She hoped that her words would make them less wary of her. "Don't worry, I'll make sure she keeps her promise." This made the captain grumble. All in all, she was okay with this. She had no quarrel with them. At the same time, giving orders to Emily and Nanmo was easy. In fact, the entire *Darla Angel* was automated. Yuri winked at Kei, giving her the signal she needed to advance. She walked toward the soldiers acting like she had her hands up. "Boys, don't worry. We are surrendering to you, *peacefully*." As some soldiers came close to her, so they could arrest her, she rolled on the ground and whipped out her beam pistol. She pulled on the trigger with all her might.

The soldiers were soon lying on the ground, wailing from intense pain. Their ankles were hurting like nothing they had ever experienced. Kei was able to slide in. She made her way into a nearby tank. She turned the turret toward the hill and fired. Its armor-piercing projectile went straight for the commander, who continued to give the orders. He demanded that the tank move, so he could be protected, but he was too late. The shell directly struck him in the head. The tank exploded, with shrapnel going everywhere. Although killing one person wouldn't usually immobilize an entire unit, he, the top officers, and everyone else in the command structure for this military unit had *all* been within the tank. The soldiers were terrified. They threw down their weapons and ran away. They did not know what to do. Kei, Yuri, Chelli, and Apta had won, somehow. It was miraculous and bizarre at the same time.

Chelli and Apta were impressed. They promised to bring them to some nice place on the planet. Maybe it could be somewhere in that place called England. Luckily for them, a soldier had left behind a pocket-sized book with a leather cover which contained maps of the world. They knew where it was now. "Okay, let's travel to a cafe in London! We can find Rouge there, then we can go our separate ways," Chelli said. They agreed. Mughi and Nanmo worked on repairing the *Lovely Angel*. Inside the other ship, Apta and Chelli worked together to do the same. After a few hours, they were finally done.

They exited the valley and made their way into the air without a problem. They could leave this land once and for all. Inside the *Lovely Angel*, Kei and Yuri held one another. Kei giggled. "That was a quite a show out there. Since we said we both love one another, you need one of these." She pulled Yuri into a kiss, catching her off guard. She purred in response, throwing her arms around the other woman, wrapping her tightly. She fiercely kissed her back, as the ship's engines roared. The spacecraft ascended into the sky. They weren't holding back on their love for each other anymore. *Not again*. "I couldn’t have asked for a better partner," Yuri remarked, as she continued deeply smooching Kei, who happily reciprocated. They didn't mind doing this, even though Mughi covered his eyes. He didn't want to see this.

Some time later, they walked to a nice cafe in the center of London. Their ships were hidden in the Thames River, with no one the wiser. Chelli guided them to a few outside tables. They ordered some afternoon tea. Kei and Yuri remained in their usual get up. They got a bunch of stares as a result, but they didn't care about that. Apta and Chelli didn't mind gawking onlookers. They didn't change their outfits either. The waiter remained very respectful. He gave them tea and snacks. Apta heard a nearby newspaper boy. He was nearly shouting. It caught her attention. What he was saying seemed familiar in many ways. But she couldn't quite place it.

"Extra extra! Musk family killed in South Africa by freak explosion!" Apta grabbed the paper, dated June 29, 1971. He paid the kid a coin she had pilfered from his pocket. He hadn't noticed. "Thank you, ma'am!" he said, smiling back. For some reason he did not realize that she had given him a coin he already had in his pocket. Perhaps he was out of it or maybe he was grateful to get any money at all. After Apta brought the paper, a copy of the *London Times,* back to the table, she started by reading the headlines. One caught her eye: "Musk Family Killed in Pretoria Home. Authorities Are Searching for Suspects." She read a little further to see what it was all about:

> Pretoria, June 29 – Today, authorities reported that the house where Maye and Errol Musk, and their one-day-old son, Elon, were living, was obliterated. Witnesses saw a flash of light coming from somewhere in the nearby valley. The house exploded with wood and other materials flying in every direct. Some debris reached other nearby residences but no one was injured. The cause of the explosion is still unknown. Authorities have presumed that a weapon of some kind caused the explosion, igniting the nearby gas tank. The police chief of Pretoria said in a press conference that the investigation is ongoing. They have no leas. It is presumed that all residents inside the house, were killed, along with the father of Maye Musk, Mr. Joshua Haldeman. He has been criticized as a rabid supporter of the apartheid government. The South African government has vowed to investigate this incident.

Further down in the article, the article indicated that local city leaders were mourning the death. It also noted, however, some Black South Africans were celebrating Haldeman's presumed death, seeing it as a sign from the heavens that the apartheid system was crumbling and that God was on their side. There was a small mention of a nearby battle in the valley some miles away from Pretoria. Apta was starting to put the pieces together. She decided to not show Chelli, Kei, or Yuri. However, Kei noticed her stashing the paper in her pocket and snatched it out. She scanned over the article, looking for details.

None were aware of the ramifications from the accidental murder of Maye, Errol, and Elon Musk, and Joshua Haldman. There would be some who would not be born, various companies for web software, online payment, satellites, neurotechnology, tunnel construction, money transfers, electric cars, or space exploration which would never be formed. Additionally, a supposed government "agency" which fired people in an effort to downsize the government to benefit the rich and hurt the people, often in an illegal way, wouldn't be created either. Nor would it later be quietly abolished when anger at that billionaire rose due to squabbling with the fascist U.S. regime. The world would go forward in a different direction. People would adapt. Perhaps even society would flourish more than before. It was hard to say.

Yuri petted Kei on the head and spoke to her softly. "It's okay, Kei. You are a klutz, but you are *my* klutz and I love you for it." Kei's heart began beating rapidly as she hugged Yuri. She winked back at her to get back at what Yuri had done earlier, causing her to start blushing. At that time in England and Wales, same-sex sexual acts were not a crime, under many circumstances, and they had been decriminalized. Even so, the age of consent for homosexual couples was twenty-one, rather than eighteen for straight couples. Some led demonstrations aiming to end this legal inequity. This would not change until over thirty-one years later, when a law passed which lowered the age of consent to sixteen. A few years after that, another law passed which overrode all previous legislation focusing on specific sexes of individuals.

None of this directly affected Kei, Yuri, Chelli, or Apta. They were just there to relax and have a good time. If they had wanted to marry, which wasn't in the cards for any of them, they wouldn't have been able to. That was illegal under British law at the time. It would remain the case for the next forty-three years. Despite the fact that it wasn't illegal, none of them, especially not Kei or Yuri, wanted to kiss one another in an open place like this cafe. They'd be too embarrassed to do so. Instead, they fantasized about it and imagined doing it

later. "So, what's 3WA?" Apta asked, breaking up their romantic thoughts for one another. Yuri chuckled. She was more than happy to explain it. "We do jobs for people…like finding who killed this guy's doll he liked...fighting monsters in the sewer...catching a wanted criminal...dealing with space pirates...and a bunch of other stuff." Kei added, "...and we look great while we are doing it! These outfits don't only show a lot of skin...they are easy to move in...we need that for our jobs...that's what *really* matters."

Chelli shook her head. She couldn't believe these two women. They really were badasses. If she'd never met Apta, she might have hitched up with one of them. She pushed that out of her mind. She knew how much they cared for one another. She guessed that no matter what outfit they wore, they were incapable of looking bad. "You are such good partners for each other," Apta said before Chelli could add anything. They both nodded. They knew she was right. When she called them partners they liked the sound of that. They really wanted to kiss each other again, although not in… this setting. They didn't want to humiliate themselves. Perhaps they could when they got back to the *Lovely Angel*...

As they continued talking, they laughed together, and shared stories from their adventures. Without a doubt, they were from different walks of life. That was okay. As the sun went below the horizon, Apta gave two interstellar communication devices to Kei and Yuri. "Contact us *anytime*. We'd love to hear from you," she said, then waved. She walked with Chelli one way down the cobblestone street. Kei and Yuri walked the other way. Whether they would meet again would be up to them. In the end, one thing was clear: that the adventures of Chelli and Apta had only begun. There were many perils ahead...

End Notes

I read through all the Dirty Pair fics so I could put this together. The accidental death caused by Kei's railgun, and others, was based on what happened in Futurama when Prof. Farnsworth accidentally kills Eleanor Roosevelt.

Information about the death of Elon Musk and his family (i.e. his parents) came from the Wikipedia pages on 1971, Pretoria, and Elon Musk, plus information from a New York Times profile on Musk, which notes he was "born in Pretoria, about 45 minutes north of Johannesburg...They [his mother and father] had a tense relationship" along with other articles in Mercury News, Forbes (only a little), and Town and Country Magazine.

Also, page 270 of the 21st Century World Atlas was a little helpful for this fic, as was the Gears Online page for Dirty Pair, listing information about characters, ships, vehicles, equipment, and related screenshots. The same can be said for the pages for Kei and Yuri on the Anime Characters Database. Otherwise, parts of the Wikipedia pages like "LGBTQ rights in the United Kingdom," "Joshua N. Haldman," and "Main battle tank" were helpful in providing information for this fic. This fic is also loosely inspired by this page by Jim McLennan in mid-January 2007 entitled "The Dirty Pair."

I find it funny that after I began writing this fic, it was revealed that Elon Musk had a difficult relationship with his father, and even said his father had done "almost every evil thing you could possibly think of" and that he said: "My dad will have a carefully thought-out plan of evil. He will plan evil." This is from an article aptly entitled "Elon Musk's father accused of sexually abusing his children and stepchildren." To be perfectly transparent, this fic technically falls under "Historical RPF," referring to "RPF fanworks that use real people from any historical period as characters."

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!